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LASH LARUE

WESTERN

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**THE
DEVIL'S
GAP
PLOT!**

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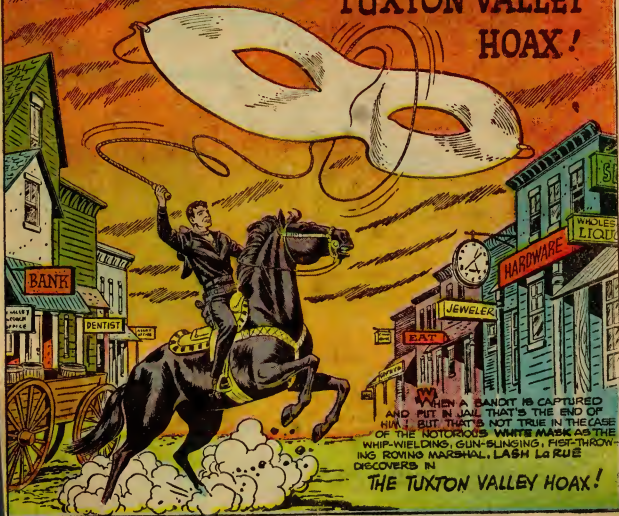
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President



Lash in LARUE

the TUXTON VALLEY HOAX!



WHEN A BANDIT IS CAPTURED AND PUT IN JAIL THAT'S THE END OF HIM! BUT THAT'S NOT TRUE IN THE CASE OF THE NOTORIOUS WHITE MASK AS THE WHIP-WIELDING, GUN-SLINGING, FIST-THROWING ROVING MARSHAL, LASH La RUE DISCOVERS IN

THE TUXTON VALLEY HOAX!

ONE NIGHT, AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE TUXTON VALLEY BANK, BURTON POST, GOES OVER HIS BOOKS---

NOW WHO COULD THAT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

TAKE IT EASY, I'M COMING!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!



A BANDIT!

DON'T MAKE A SOUND, OR I'LL FILL YUH FULL OF LEAD! JUST OPEN YORE VAULT AND NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YUH!



NO ONE'S ROBBING MY BANK! I'LL--- UGH!

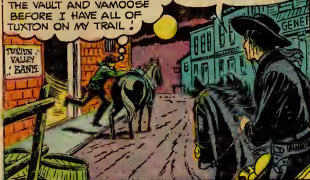
I WARNED YUH! NOW I'D BETTER MAKE SURE NO ONE OUTSIDE HEARD THE SHOTS BEFORE I TRY TO OPEN THE VAULT MYSELF!



BUT THE SHOTS WERE HEARD BY NONE OTHER THAN THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, WHO DRIFTED INTO TUXTON JUST THEN!

THAT HOMBRE LOOKS AS IF HE'S COMING AFTER ME! I'D BETTER FORGET ABOUT THE VAULT AND VAMOOSE BEFORE I HAVE ALL OF TUXTON ON MY TRAIL!

I WAS RIGHT! THOSE SHOTS DID COME FROM OVER THERE! FASTER, RUSH!



AS LASH REACHES THE BANK---

HELP!
HELP!

WHOA, RUSH! WE'LL HAVE TO LET THAT VARMINT GO FOR THE MOMENT! IT SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE IN THE BANK IS BADLY IN NEED OF HELP!



OOH! I'VE BEEN SHOT! I NEED HELP!

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! DON'T TALK! I'LL GET YOU RIGHT OVER TO A DOCTOR!



AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE---

WELL, DOCTOR?

YOU DIDN'T GET POST HERE A FEAT ON HIS BACK FOR AT LEAST A MONTH! YOU CAN GO IN AND TALK TO HIM NOW!



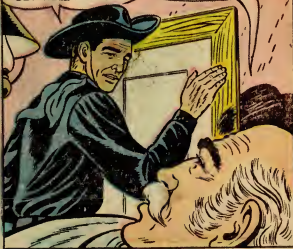
I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, MR. POST, AND I GIVE YOU MY WORD, AS A ROVING MARSHAL, I'LL CATCH UP WITH THE WHITE MASK!



I KNOW YUH WILL, BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK YUH! WILL YUH GO SEE MY BANK MANAGER, TOM FARRELL, AND TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED SO HE'LL OPEN THE BANK IN THE MORNING AND TAKE OVER TILL I GET BACK?

I SURE WILL, MR. POST! NOW TAKE IT EASY AND GET WELL FAST!

THANKS AGAIN FOR SAVING MY LIFE, LASH!



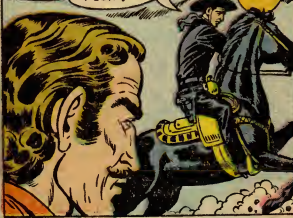
SHORTLY AFTER ---

I'M SURE SORRY TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOSS, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE BANK! I'LL RUN IT FER HIM PROPER UNTIL HE GETS BACK!

GOOD! HE'S COUNTING ON YOU, FARRELL!



NOW WE'VE GOT A DATE TO KEEP WITH THE WHITE MASK! I ONLY HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR IT TO COME THROUGH! HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!



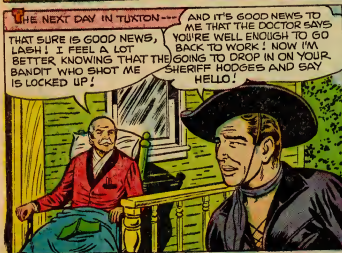
ONE MONTH LATER IN DODGE CITY ---

WITH EVERYBODY IN TOWN IT WAS A CINCH TO ROB THIS CATTLE RANCH!



AT THAT SECOND ---







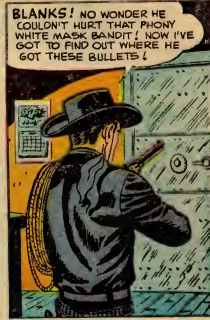
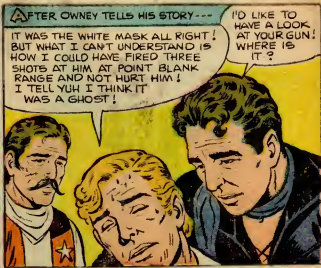


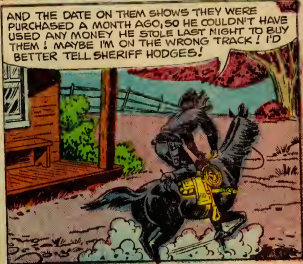
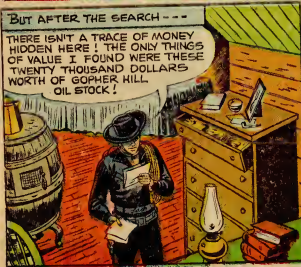
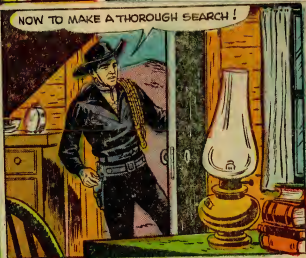
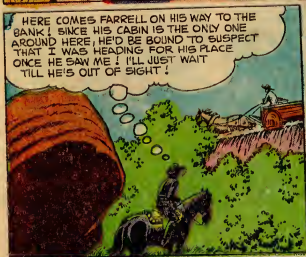
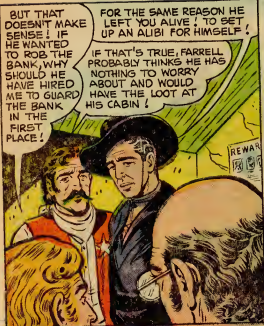
AND WHEN THE WOUNDED BANK TELLER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS ---



AND WHEN THE WOUNDED TELLER REACHES THE JAILHOUSE ---



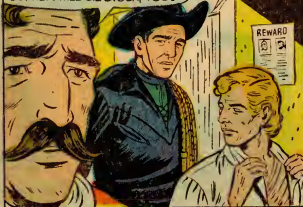




BACK AT THE JAILHOUSE---

SO FARRELL WAS STUCK WITH GOPHER HILL OIL STOCK, TOO!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, STUCK?



THE GOPHER HILL OIL WELL TURNED OUT TO BE A DUD! IT RAN DRY IN A FEW DAYS AND EVERYONE WHO HAD BOUGHT STOCK IN IT, WAS STUCK WITH IT.

NOW I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT REALLY DID HAPPEN! I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE! POST IS DUE BACK AT HIS BANK TODAY AND I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM, PRONTO!



AT THE BANK---

YES, LASH, I DID CHECK ON HOW MUCH WAS STOLEN! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THE EXACT AMOUNT OF FARRELL'S STOCK!



FARRELL, I'M LOCKING YOU UP FOR ROBBING THE BANK!

LOCKING ME UP? HAVE YUH GONE LOCO, LARUE? OWNEY WILL TESTIFY THAT IT WAS THE MAN IN THE WHITE MASK!



YOU SET UP A PERFECT ALIBI FOR YOURSELF, FARRELL, BUT YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE! THE MAN IN THE WHITE MASK HAPPENS TO BE IN THE DODGE CITY JAILHOUSE!

THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WAS THE PHONY WHITE MASKED BANDIT!

THE SECOND MISTAKE YOU MADE WAS LEAVING THAT GUN FULL OF BLANKS, WHICH YOU GAVE OWNEY, AROUND!

THAT STILL DOESN'T MEAN I BROKE INTO THE VAULT LAST NIGHT AND STOLE THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

NO, IT DOESN'T! PARTICULARLY SINCE THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WASN'T TAKEN LAST NIGHT!

BUT, LASH, I TELL YUH THAT'S THE AMOUNT MISSING!

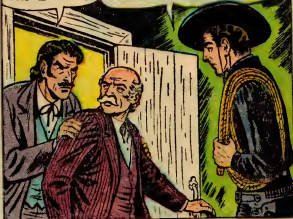


I KNOW, POST, BUT HERE'S THE WAY IT WAS PLANNED! RIGHT AFTER THE REAL WHITE MASK WOUNDED YOU, FARRELL BORROWED THE MONEY TO BUY OIL STOCK FIGURING TO PUT THE MONEY BACK BEFORE YOU RETURNED! WELL, THE STOCK TURNED OUT TO BE WORTHLESS AND WHEN FARRELL HEARD YOU WERE COMING BACK, HE THOUGHT UP THIS WHOLE SCHEME TO COVER UP THE MISSING MONEY!

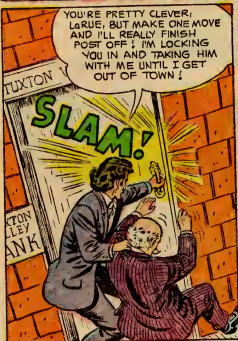


YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE THAT!

WE HAVE ENOUGH FACTS TO LET A JURY DECIDE WHETHER YOU'RE GUILTY OR NOT!



YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, LARUE, BUT MAKE ONE MOVE AND I'LL REALLY FINISH POST OFF! I'M LOCKING YOU IN AND TAKING HIM WITH ME UNTIL I GET OUT OF TOWN!



IF I CALL OUT FOR SOMEONE TO STOP HIM, HE'LL SURELY SHOOT POST!



I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM MYSELF! AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I KNOW HOW TO DO THAT WHILE LOCKED IN HERE!



NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP, LASH! I'LL TIE HIM UP AND THEN UNLOCK THE BANK DOOR!

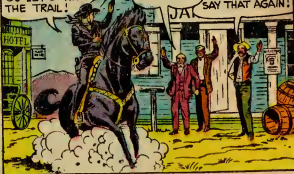
JUST FIRE YOUR GUN IN THE AIR! THAT'LL BRING THE SHERIFF RUNNING!



AFTER THE DISHONEST FARRELL IS LOCKED UP—

OUR WORK IS FINISHED AROUND HERE, RUSH— SO LET'S HIT THE TRAIL!

THERE GOES THE BRAVEST AND THE SMARTEST ROVING MARSHAL IN THE WORLD! YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



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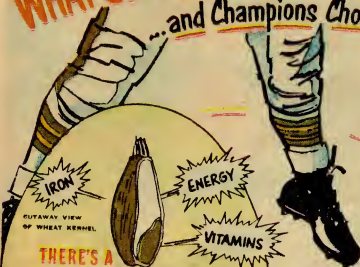
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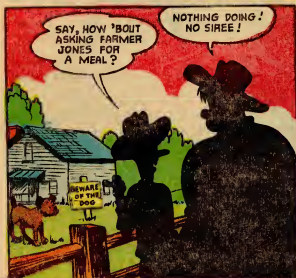


"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

MOLASSES MOUTH



ON ACCOUNT



A SOLDIER

By R. R. Symes



JOE QUENTIN, Officer of the Guard, led the wiry round-shouldered man toward Colonel Potterby's quarters. As he walked he studied a document, frowning. "Your papers seem to be in order, Mr. Toady," he said. "I'll take you to the colonel at once."

"Stow that 'mister' stuff," responded Toady, with a laugh. "If you keep calling me 'mister' I'll have to send for my valet and my swallow-tailed coat. Everybody in these parts calls me just Toady and I'll thank you to do the same."

Joe Quentin looked at the other man and tried to picture him in a swallow-tailed coat. He couldn't make it. Toady was wearing scuffed and shineless boots, worn pants and chaps, a faded blue shirt and a beat and bent broad-brimmed hat. Quentin shook his head as he opened the door to the colonel's office, motioning Toady inside.

Colonel Potterby's hard, clear eyes regarded Toady, and plainly the look was hostile. Obviously, Colonel Potterby's tidy military mind was revolted by the rough and ready clothing the wiry man wore, and by the slouch of his shoulders.

The colonel, in contrast, was stiff as a ramrod. His iron gray hair was well brushed, his mustaches bristled, and his well pressed uniform was spotless. He was every inch a cavalry officer in the best tradition. After a brief introduction and a glance at the paper, the colonel dismissed Joe Quentin.

Toady slouched in a chair and drawled, "Well, pard, I reckon those papers tell what I'm here for. You and I have got a dangerous mission to perform and I allow it's best we palaver about it first off, then go into action."

Colonel Potterby's face reddened and it seemed he would explode. Only the strict discipline of long military life made him able to control himself. For a full minute he was silent,

then he said, "My orders—from Washington—are to take the Fort San Pedro regiment into the hills and clean out a band of desperadoes known as the Crimson Kids. I understand they are no more than fifty in number, a group of undisciplined outlaws. My men are well trained and courageous. I hope you will not take it as an affront, Mr. Toady, when I say we shall not need your aid."

Toady chewed on a toothpick and grinned. "I'm not easily affronted, colonel, and I hope you are the same. I believe your men are brave—braver than the Crimson Kids, maybe. And I also believe that if you go into the hills, making like an army, you'll be wiped out to the last man."

Once again it required a great effort on the colonel's part to keep himself from exploding. "Mr. Toady, although your papers of recommendation seem to be in order, I shall not permit you to lounge here and insult my men. If you were in the army, sir, I should deal with you in no uncertain terms! I'd make you a man—or a corpse!"

Toady rose. Insolently he shook a finger under the officer's nose. "If I were in the army, I'd be a general and the first thing I'd do would be to bust you to a private!"

Even the best disciplined man has his breaking point. The colonel was so outraged that he shot his fit at Toady's chin. The wiry man was hurled back against the wall by the force of the blow. Claret dripped from his lips. But they were grinning.

The colonel was shaking with rage, but Toady merely patted his swollen jaw and chuckled, "I figured there might be a human being inside that tin soldier suit. And I was right. Listen, colonel. Suppose you drop the mister and start calling me by my handle—Toady. And then suppose we get down to our

business which is subduing the Crimson Kids without butchering your regiment."

Colonel Potterby exploded once again. "Why you insolent saddle tramp, do you think you can give me orders right in my own . . ."

Toady had jumped to his feet. No longer was his manner relaxed. His voice crackled like lightning. "Stow it, Private Potterby!" he growled. "You're a tough man, but I've got something on you. If it ever gets out that you struck a defenseless civilian, you'll be broken so low even the Navy won't have you. Understand?"

The colonel bit his lip. "I understand. It's blackmail, Mr. Toady. I shall resign my commission before I submit to it!"

"Good boy!" grinned Toady. "Let's shake on that!" The wiry man extended his hand. The colonel looked puzzled for a moment, then extended his own right. Colonel Potterby was a trifle astonished at the bone crushing grip of Toady.

The colonel slumped back in his chair, breathing a big sigh. "I still don't quite understand you, Mister—uh—that is—Toady."

"But now you want to?"

"Yes, yes! I want to!"

Once again Toady was his relaxed, grinning self. His swollen jaw seemed not to interfere with his good humor. "Mister Potterby—if you'll forgive me for calling a colonel 'mister'—I'll tell you how it is. Nobody doubts your ability as a military commander. Nobody doubts the courage of your men. Under the rules of war you would doubtless emerge victorious against the most formidable enemy."

"Thank you," said the military man, bowing his head.

"But these coyotes in the hills don't follow any rules," continued Toady. "They are outlaws—sneaks and cheats. The kind of men you abhor. If you were to proceed against them in the customary military way, with banners flying and bugles blowing, they would pick off your men, and yourself, one by one from ambush. You could pit a thousand men against

fifty and they would win."

The colonel stroked his chin. "What do you advise, Toady?"

A glint came into the eyes of the other man. He stood at the officer's desk, sketched roughly on a paper, mapping out a plan of action. Grudgingly, the colonel admitted the plan had merit. "The thing I have been sent to prevent," said Toady, "is having you send your whole regiment into the hills with bugles blowing and banners flying—a ripe target for the Crimson Kids!"

The colonel nodded.

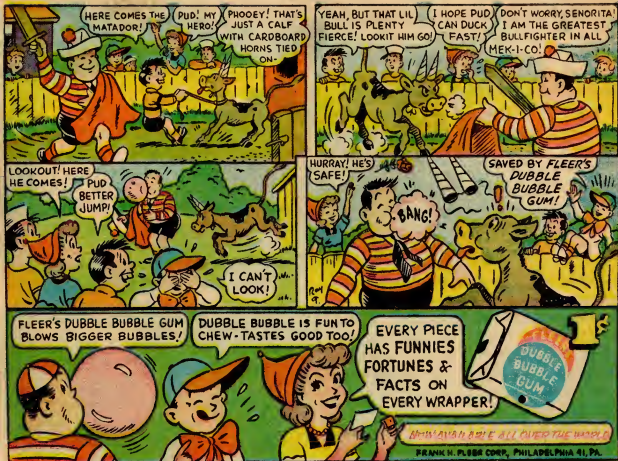
The next day the colonel rode into the hills at the head of a group of picked horsemen. He had a bugler at his left, a standard bearer at his right. The bugle sounded, the banner waved in the breeze. A rifle exploded from behind jutting rocks. The colonel was rocked from his horse by the blast. As he fell he shouted, "Take cover, men. That's an order!" The horsemen quickly dismounted and swung into action.

The Crimson Kid gang was amazed and dismayed a short while later, when they found that they were surrounded — surrounded by cavalymen, dismounted and slithering among rocks, creeping and crawling, on direct instructions from the man called Toady. The entire fifty of the Crimson Kids were rounded up and quickly jailed.

TOADY visited Colonel Potterby in the doctor's office where the officer's shoulder wound was being doctored. Toady said, "Colonel Potterby, you are the bravest man I ever saw. The outlaws expected the army to come in after them with bugles and flags. You led them to think that's what was happening, and you got wounded for your pains. You might have gotten killed. But you are responsible for the capture of the most vicious outlaws in the West!"

Colonel Potterby smiled. He said to Toady, "Thank you, young fellow. If you would straighten up your shoulders, I might be able to use my influence to get you into the cavalry — as a general!"

THE END



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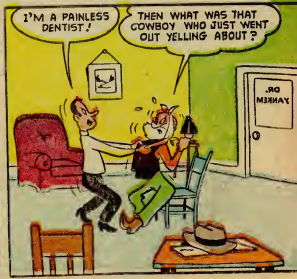
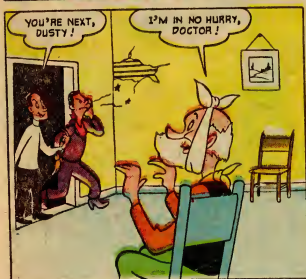
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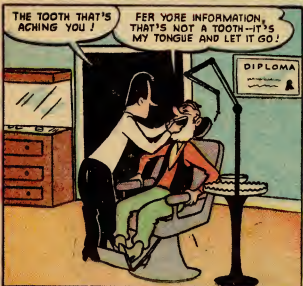
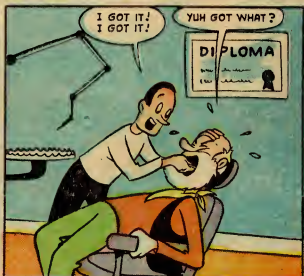
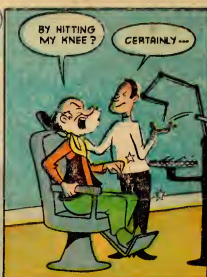
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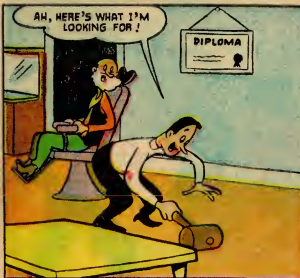
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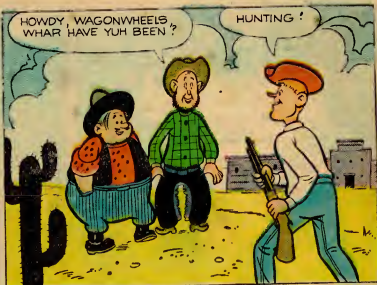






WAGONWHEELS

--HARE-RAISING TIME!



BIG BOW and LITTLE ARROW

in
PARTY
CAPERS

MY, MY, BIG BOW, YOU
SURE LOOK
DIFFERENT TODAY!

WHAT MEAN, DIFFERENT,
LITTLE ARROW?

YOU LOOK
CLEAN!

ME NO LIKE THAT
REMARK, ME
ALWAYS CLEAN!

IF YOU TALKING ABOUT
BEING BROKE, ME
AGREE--- YOU ALWAYS
CLEANED!

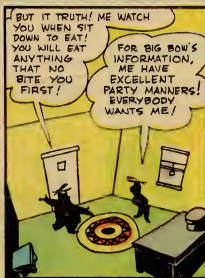
NO BOTHER ME
NOW, LITTLE
ARROW! ME
GOT TO GET
READY FOR
PARTY!

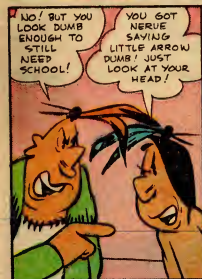
IF GOING TO PARTY
YOU SHOULD LOOK
HAPPY, NOT SAD!

NO CAN HELP! IT
GOING TO BE FISH
PARTY AND FISH
REMINDE ME OF WORMS--

---AND ME NO CAN
STAND SIGHT OF
WORMS!

IS THAT WHY YOU
NO HAVE MIRRORS
AROUND?







Lash LARUE



and THE DEVIL'S GAP PLOT!

THAT SOUNDS
JUST LIKE A HUMAN
VOICE, BUT MY EYES
CAN VIEW ALMOST
A MILE ON THESE
FLAT PLAINS AND
THERE'S NOT A SOUL
IN SIGHT! I MUST
BE HEARING
THINGS!

HELP!
HELP!

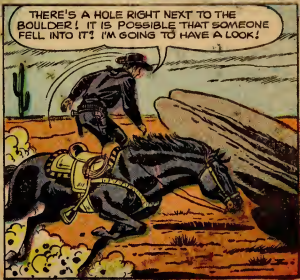


HELP!
HELP!

SAY, THE VOICE SEEMS TO BE
COMING FROM UNDER
THAT BOULDER!



THERE'S A HOLE RIGHT NEXT TO THE
BOULDER! IT IS POSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE
FELL INTO IT! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK!





HELLO! IS ANYONE DOWN THERE?



YES! BUT DON'T TRY TO CLIMB DOWN AFTER ME! JUST THROW ME A ROPE AND HAUL ME UP!

I DON'T HAVE A ROPE, BUT I HAVE SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD!



JUST STAND CLEAR SO YOU WON'T GET HURT!



CAN YOU REACH THE WHIP?

JUST ABOUT!

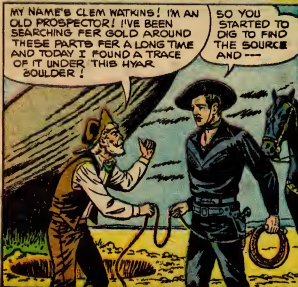


WELL, HOLD TIGHT THEN, WHILE I PULL YOU UP!



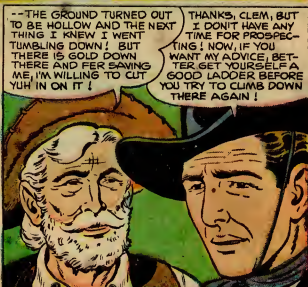
THANK GOODNESS YUH HAPPENED TO PASS BY OR I WOULD HAVE DIED DOWN THERE FER SURE!

HOW DID YOU GET DOWN THERE TO BEGIN WITH?



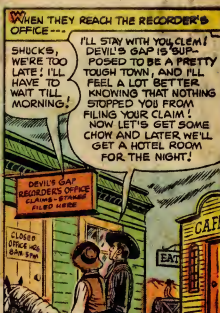
MY NAME'S CLEM WATKINS! I'M AN OLD PROSPECTOR! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FER GOLD AROUND THESE PARTS FER A LONG TIME AND TODAY I FOUND A TRACE OF IT UNDER THIS HYAR BOULDER!

SO YOU STARTED TO DIG TO FIND THE SOURCE AND ---

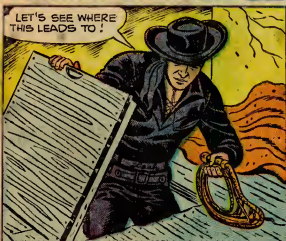
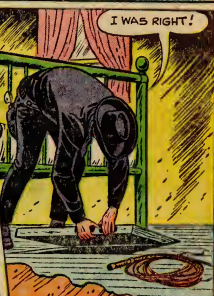


--THE GROUND TURNED OUT TO BE HOLLOW AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WENT TUMBLING DOWN! BUT THERE IS GOLD DOWN THERE AND FER SAVING ME, I'M WILLING TO CUT YUH IN ON IT!

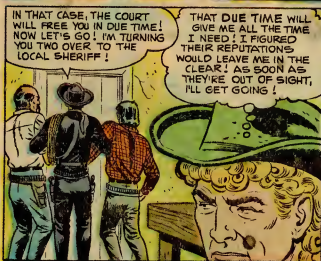
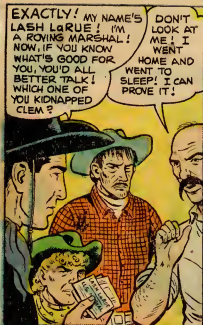
THANKS, CLEM, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME FOR PROSPECTING! NOW, IF YOU WANT MY ADVICE, BETTER GET YOURSELF A GOOD LADDER BEFORE YOU TRY TO CLIMB DOWN THERE AGAIN!

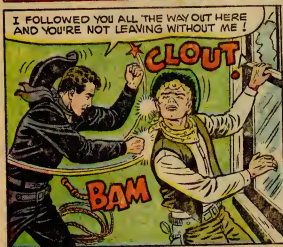
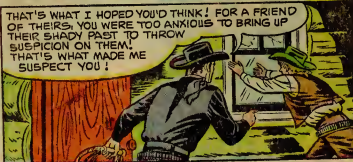












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